

WHEN THE CZAR PUTS ON HIS CROWN

Receives It May 26, Thirteen Years to a Day Since His Father Was Crowned on the Same Spot.

FASTS THREE DAYS BEFORE IN MOSCOW'S PALACE

Heads Procession Three Miles Through Streets to the Kremlin, Where all Czars Are Crowned.

Moscow, April 2.—On the 26th of May the young Czar Nicholas II will be crowned ruler of all the Russians. The ceremony of crowning takes place in the little church called Uspenski Sobor, or Church of the Assumption, where all the czars, from the time of Ivan the Terrible, have put on their imperial crowns for the first time.

The Uspenski Sobor is the smallest church in Russia and one of the smallest in the world. It stands in the middle of Moscow, in what is called by visitors "the old fort," or Kremlin. The Kremlin is an enclosed hill right in the center of Moscow. Many gates lead through the walls of the Kremlin, and in the middle of the enclosure stands the church.

When the czar is crowned he must journey from Muscovy, or imperial palace, to the Kremlin, a parade of three miles. This procession and the grandeur attending it and the parade back again after the coronation make the ceremony memorable to all who are in Moscow's confines. I saw the crowning of the late czar, father of Nicholas, thirteen years ago, and never will I forget it.

FROM DAYBREAK. At daybreak on the morning of the coronation the czar is awakened and is given a very light breakfast. For three days he has been fasting in the palace, and has seen no one, not even the empress.

After breakfast the crowds begin to gather around the palace, and by 9 o'clock the hour of setting forth, there are many millions of people in the streets. All along the curbstones stand three double rows of armed serfs to reinforce the soldiers in case of an attack upon the czar along the line.

This guard of soldiers is six miles long, and extends down all the side streets as far as can be seen. If there should be the slightest hostile demonstration the offender will be torn to pieces in a second. To remove all fears the students of Moscow are given transportation to their homes for fear of pranks.

Soon, at the head of the famous red staircase of the palace, there appears the Dowager Empress Ismaria, widow of the late czar. She is in her royal robes and wears her imperial crown. Slowly she descends the steps, followed by her nobles, court dignitaries and ladies and men in waiting.

Behind her comes a beautiful parade of fifty pages, and behind them fifty knights beautifully dressed. The crowd watches the dowager empress seat herself in a great carriage of state, and then turns its attention to the noble personages just coming in view.

It is the czar! Behind him walk his guards and courtiers. Behind them come the representatives of all the powers in the world, all wearing their state robes and carrying their national colors.

Following this cortege there is a delegation of merchants, another of doctors, of lawyers, the presidents of all the clubs and associations in Moscow, and after them all the members of the royal family. This includes the Prince of Wales, Carl of Denmark, the German emperor, the king and queen of Rumania and all the English cousins now so closely allied to the Russian throne.

THE PROCESSION. All these are seated upon platforms or in carriages and borne along in the procession. A salute of 101 guns is fired, and amid the greatest pandemonium of cheering the czar proceeds on his way to the Uspenski Sobor. Through three miles of streets he parades, while there is a continuous pealing from the Czar Kolokol, the crack king of bells.

When the gates of the Kremlin have been passed then comes the most brilliant of all the scenes. Upon raised tribunes leading to the church sit the members of the countries paying tribute to the czar. Many of these, like the Tartars, cannot remove their hats, and consequently they cannot enter the church to see the czar crowned. They are given seats of honor on these tribunes. There are the Khivans, Bokharans, Armenians, Tcherkessians, Ouzbeks, Samoyeds, Tartars, Mongols, Tatars, Burjats, Yakuts and Tschetchs, all in their bright gowns.

Straight through the door of the church the czar's party proceeds. On entering they divide. The czar, the empress and the relatives of the family all mount upon a platform which stands in the middle of the church. It is a round platform raised high, and it is intended for the coronation ceremony of emperors. It is big enough for the archbishop of Moscow and all the clergy officiating. Upon the platform are the two throne chairs of the czar and empress.

The bells of Moscow are pealing now and the choir are filling the church with music. Upon a platform at one side of the church sit representatives of all the foreign powers. Here Minister Breckinridge will sit, with his brother ambassadors from every country in the world, and Li Hung Chang along with them. On another platform are the heads of the Russian societies and the heads of the Russian cities, and on another raised place are the attaches of the czar's court. This fills the church full, for the little edifice is strained if 600 enter it. On the floor are a few invited guests and Russian artists.

From the time of entering the church until going out again there is a ceremony six hours long, and as no one can sit in a Russian church, the strength of the ladies will be severely taxed, but a coronation occurs only once in a generation.

THE CROWNING. The actual ceremony of putting on the crown is a long one. The emperor is seated and the music in the church is

outlined with lamps of countless colors and tints, whose fairy-like glow will fall on the garden of the old fortress. The grim wall overlooking the Kremlin (the Red Square) will be outlined by an imposing display of lamps. An idea of the sumptuous scale on which the illumination has been projected can be gained from the fact that no less than 400,000 lamps have been requisitioned for the purpose. Of this number 14,000 electric lamps alone will be used in the illumination of the tower of Ivan Beliki. Further prominence will also be given to this tower during the night fest, when Bengal fire of every known hue will be burned in its arches, while answering beacons will throw their parti-colored glow from the myriad steeples of the mighty Kremlin.

In nearly every detail the ceremony of coronation will be precisely the same as the crowning of the present czar's father, Alexander III, in 1883. Assembling at the head of the "Red Stairway" in the old palace adjoining the Cathedral, the imperial pair, followed by their suite in costly court dress, will proceed slowly and the ringing of myriads of bells and the booming of cannon to the steps of the Uspenski Sobor, passing on the way over a carpet of exquisite texture daily sanctified by holy water. Above their heads, supported by sixteen of the most important generals of the empire, is held a great canopy of cloth of gold, embroidered with the imperial arms and crowned with ostrich plumes, representing the imperial colors—yellow, black and white. The route, which is really little more than a step, is lined on each side with soldiers of the highest rank, many of them of noble birth.

Within the cathedral the scene will be superb. Since the choir was cut off by the earthquake the part of the interior of the Uspenski Sobor visible to the spectator is the tower of Ivan Beliki. The czar, who has been standing near him ever since the czar's coronation, will be seated on a cushion from one of the two tables, and, seizing it firmly in his hands, the czar places it upon his own head. This done he calls for the scepter and the globe, which, being brought him, he takes the scepter in his right hand and the globe in his left, and sits for the first time upon the throne. And at this very instant every bell in the city peals forth exultantly, and a royal salute of 101 guns is fired from the fortress at Nor is Moscow alone in being thus informed of this impressive moment. Gun thunder and bells ring in every corner of the empire. The white flags in the towers of St. Petersburg are replaced by squares of fluttering red bunting. The czar is crowned.

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through lines of noble soldiers to the "Red Stairway."

Ascending this famous stairway to the Facel Palace, pausing for an instant at the entrance to a great hall, the splendor of which is sufficient to dazzle even imperial eyes, the czar and empress take their places at the coronation banquet. Not at tables with the princes and princesses who form the goodly company, but upon thrones, before which stands a table, and upon this the food for the royal pair is placed.

Not more than once in a lifetime does even the czar see such a banquet as this, served by hundreds of servants in gorgeous liveries. Finally, the delicacies are consumed, the superb array of gold and silver plate has been removed, the hour for the toasts to the sovereign has arrived. Prince, diplomat, warrior, all pledge fealty to their ruler; pledge it in almost priceless wine.

Now, for the first time since the display of magnificence, this feast of heraldry and pomp of power began the czar and empress are permitted to rest, and both retire to their own apartments.

All this is but the beginning, for ceaseless festivities make Moscow pleasure's home until June 7. At every leading event the imperial couple will be the central figures. At the performance of Glinka's opera, "The Life of the Czar," they will surely be the center of attraction. The idol of the St. Petersburg theater-goers is also to appear, for beautiful Marya a Keshinskaya is to lead the ballet.

It is doubtless true that the czar and the premier will divide the attention of the audience, but will the premier divide the czar's attention with the lady by his side, who, in days gone by, was Princess Alix of Hesse? Time was, not so very long ago, when there was no division. Little children live who are memories of those happy days—days when the young Russian duke had no thought of a crown for himself, when Princess Alix was no more to him than the leaf that falls from the withered tree. Death changed all this; ended the days of happiness for the duke and the dancer.

Will the Czar of all the Russians remember this as he sits in his box at the theater? That gossip which lives the world over says curious people will try to see if his eyes show signs of the burning pain which it is whispered has never left his heart.

Then, after all is over, after the celebration of the Czarina's birthday, June 6, and the grand review of troops the day following, their majesties will return to St.

Two or three seats away were two young fellows. One of them looked like a quarter back, and the other was dapper and noble. I saw the little chap making eyes at the lady. When he thought to one was looking he blew a kiss at her, and her pretty face flashed a shadow on the window.

"That was my cue, and just as I walked over to enter my protest, the quarter-back stepped forward to get a drink. I was laying the law down to that dude, trying to keep my hands off of him, and all the food was doing was rolling around in his seat, laughing and trying to get his breath. I took a look at the lady, and when I saw her face buried in her handkerchief I was just going to jerk the offender hard enough to unjoin him when the football giant grabbed me by the collar yanked me to the smoker in three long jumps and a third and gave me the greatest dressing down for an old, baldheaded, driveling and interfering idiot that I ever had.

"When he told me that the couple in the other car had just been married and had made a wager that they could go to Detroit without being spotted as bride and groom, I gave the porter half a dollar to capture my baggage and I sneaked off on the wrong side of the train when I got here. The black railroad corporations can look after their own female passengers so far as I am concerned."

HOLMES HAS MADE NO WILL. Lawyer Rotan Had Nothing to Do With the "Confession."

Philadelphia Public Ledger.

What Mortimer H. H. Holmes is going to do with the money derived from the sale of his recent "confession" no one seems to know except, perhaps, the condemned man himself. Lawyer Samuel F. Rotan, he is said, has made no will. He has not even told Mr. Rotan what disposition he desired to make of his effects. Mr. Rotan said he would not be surprised, however, if Holmes left most of his estate to his infant son at Williamette, Ill.

"You have stated all along that you believed your client innocent of the murder of Pitzel. What is your belief as to that now?" Mr. Rotan was asked.

Mr. Rotan said he had said many times before that he had nothing to do with the statement; that he never saw it; that he was not a party to its sale and that he did not derive a cent profit from it. He said that Holmes some time ago asked him to handle a statement he was going to make, but this he positively refused to do. It was to be sold to the newspaper that would pay the most for it. He refused to advise Holmes how to go about putting it on the market.

Holmes asked him to retain an attorney to look after this writing, but he would not do that, saying that if he did he would be indirectly responsible for putting it before the public. He strongly advised his client not to write any sensational statement, but his advice was not heeded. He said he did not know who handled the document, or the price paid for it.

SOME DEGENERATES.

In Testing for Illustrations They All Agreed Upon One Example.

Chicago Post.

"A degenerate," said the theatrical manager, "when the subject came up for discussion, is a paid fiend. The term is synonymous and interchangeable."

"Not at all," returned the newspaper editor. "A degenerate is a man who repudiates his own interview when he realizes that his views look more radical in print than when spoken."

"You're both wrong," put in the "machine politician." "A degenerate is a man who sells his vote more than once in one election."

The street railroad man shook his head. "The woman who stands on the wrong 'crossing,'" he said tersely.

"The average poet," interjected the publisher with conviction.

"The professional juryman and some judges," said the lawyer.

"All children," suggested the teacher. "The landlord who makes no repairs except to get a new tenant," asserted the tenant.

"The tenant that is always breaking things," retorted the landlord.

"The walking delegates," said the manufacturer.

"The capitalist, or any one who makes money and keeps it," returned the labor agitator.

"The non-buying shopper," said the dry goods merchant.

"Servants—that is, some of them," put in the housewife.

"The crooked-back bicyclist," asserted the driver.

"Teaspooners and all people who insist on using the spoon for any portion of them," said the street sweeper, who, even the crossings," answered the scorcher.

"Neighbors, and especially those with children," said the apartment house tenant.

"The Senate."

"Right you are," responded all the rest in unison.

THEIR FEAR OF MICE.

Susan B. Anthony and the Rev. Anna Shaw Discuss It.

New York Sun.

Susan B. Anthony is afraid of a mouse. Somebody asked her the other day what her opinions on this subject were, and "Aunt Susan," who for about half a century has

bearded the lion in his den and stood up against the hardest odds imaginable,

laughed frankly and said she would like to strike that little animal out of the fauna at the same time that she struck the word male out of the Constitution.

"I am sure," she said, "that if a mouse were to appear right now I would jump from my chair and scream. It isn't really fear of the mouse, but one is startled at seeing the little creature appear so suddenly as though it had sprung from nowhere. A man would be just as startled, but would express his feeling in a different manner."

He would not scream, but would say: "Where did the thing come from? and he would begin and end his remarks with an oath. I admire the mouse very much at a distance, but I don't think I would care to get even a tame little white one. We would be just as much startled if a small toad should suddenly and noiselessly bound into the room; and then the mouse has such an uncanny proclivity for crawling up one's skirts."

The Rev. Anna T. Shaw, who looks as if she wouldn't quail before a charge of elephants, also prefers not to have mice moving in her circle of society. She says that she doesn't mind them, however, so long as they remain at a respectful distance from her skirts. Miss Shaw told an interesting story about a mouse. Her well-known temperance habits will prevent the reader from forming any hasty opinion, and will induce him to read on to the end for the explanation of the phenomenon observed by Miss Shaw.

"I had given a lecture in Cincinnati," she said, "and as I had had a very busy day I found myself pretty tired when I